



# The Beauty of the Rain.



12 0 2

## Chapter 1 by Liliana

The rain drops fell onto the window. Looking like an unreal painting. I sat there, admiring the rains beauty. Is rain lifeless? I began to think to myself. Rain is so free, or is it? Does it fall where it wants to, or does fate lead it there? Does it flow freely throughout the world? Wouldn't that be nice? Well, there is no doubt that rain is absolutely beautiful. Can be compared to, yet never beat. When I feel its caress, I feel like it's beauty rubs off onto me. It weighs my hair down, yet lifts the stressful weight off of my shoulders. I hear it's song played against the window. Begging to be let inside so it does not so feel alone, so I do not feel so alone.

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